

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 11, 1906.

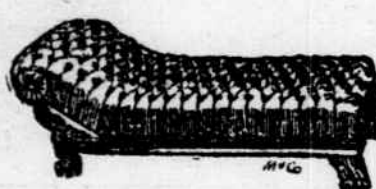
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409-411-413-415 and 417 SEVENTH ST.
SEASONABLE BARGAINS IN FURNITURE.

Our established custom of never carrying old and unseasonable goods in stock, combined with the urgent need of room for spring merchandise, has caused us to make great reductions in our whole line of Furniture. It's a good time to secure the desired articles of Furniture at phenomenally low prices, and our up-to-date credit system is at your disposal.



This \$10 Iron Bed, \$6.95

Heavy continuous bent tubing, high head and foot, sanitary construction, in white, blue and green, enamel trimmed with gold, handsome, strong and well made.



This \$15 Couch, \$10.89

Solid Cabinet Oak Frame, covered with fancy velvet, full spring edge and head, well made and finished.

This \$18 Oak Chiffonier, \$12.75

Fine Cabinet Oak Stock, full swell front, large beveled French plate glass, brass trimmings, well made and highly polished.

McDougall
Kitchen Cabinets.

The McDougall Kitchen Cabinets are the highest grade in construction.

So confident are we that the McDougall Kitchen Cabinet fills a long-felt want—in fact, proves itself to be an absolute necessity—that we will place one in your own home.

Thirty Days' Trial Free. If at the expiration of this time you wish to return it, all the money paid will be cheerfully refunded.**\$15.75 to \$54.00****Byrne Pianos.**Delivered on Payment of \$5.00
Guaranteed 10 Years.

\$19 Oak Sideboard - \$14.45

Selected oak stock, large beveled plate glass, lined silver drawer, nicely carved, well made and finished.



\$30 Parlor Suite - \$21.69

Highly polished mahogany-finished frame, fancy shaped legs; upholstered in pretty velvet and tapestry.

This Oak Dresser, \$8.49.

Plaid selected stock, large heavy beveled plate mirror, brass trimmings; well made and finished.

Incidents in the Career
Of John Wilkes Booth

Written for The Star by John E. Buckingham, Doorkeeper at Ford's Theatre at the Time Lincoln Was Assassinated.

On the 18th day of February, 1861, when Abraham Lincoln was on his way to Washington to be inaugurated President of the United States, he stopped off at Albany, N. Y., to attend ceremonies arranged by the citizens of that place in his honor. On the same date John Wilkes Booth was playing an engagement at an Albany theater. At that time how little did either dream of the terrible tragedy that was later to link their names together for all time to come!

Amid the roar of artillery from Observatory Hill President Lincoln arrived in Albany from the west, via the Central railroad. On reaching the Broadway crossing the train was stopped and the President was received by the common council, headed by Mayor Thacher. The 25th Regiment was under arms and crowds of citizens thronged the streets. The presence of the chief magistrate of the nation in Albany is always an event worthy of note, but at this time—just on the brink of the civil war into which the country was to be plunged; when the blood of citizens was at fever heat; when all eyes were directed toward the tall, gaunt figure that was to stand at the helm of the ship of state—the arrival of Mr. Lincoln created the utmost excitement.

He was welcomed to the city by the mayor, in a formal address, which was responded to by the President. He visited the legislature and was the guest of Gov. Morgan. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were welcomed to the city by the mayor, and the citizens at the Delavan. It was the first time that thousands in that vicinity ever saw the countenance which has since become so famous.

That very night, the first and perhaps the only night ever passed by Abraham Lincoln in the city of Albany, an actor, almost unknown, except by name, was playing his first engagement at the little Gayety Theater, in Green street.

A little more than four years later and the face of Lincoln was once more seen in Albany, but the people who gazed upon it were in mourning, for it was now cold in death. At 6 a.m., April 28, 1865, the remains of the martyred President laid in state at the capitol of New York, and were viewed by a sorrowing procession until 1:30 p.m., when the coffin was closed and thousands who had come from miles around to gaze for the last time upon the face of the great emancipator were unable to view the remains. That very night, too, the actor of four years previous, but then the hunted assassin of the President, was shot like a dog by the light of a burning barn in which he had taken refuge near Bowling Green, Virginia.

John Wilkes Booth in 1861 was only twenty-three years old, and he was regarded as one of the handsomest men that ever graced the stage. His first appearance in Albany, February 11, was as Romeo to Annie Waite's Juliet, and for this romantic role he seemed perfectly fitted. The fame of his dead father prepared the way for his reception, and the good reports of his brother, Edwin, raised anticipation in relation to this younger aspirant, who was said to be equally if not still more highly gifted. His success was immediate. On the second night he appeared as Paganini in "The Apostate," and his representation in this country since his father played it. In this role he so much resembled the elder Booth, whom he never saw play, that certain spiritualists in Albany could only account for the similarity by the theory that the spirit of his father must have been hovering around to inspire him with his energy, conception and soul. While falling in the last act Booth's gagger fell first and he struck upon it, the point entering the right armpit, inflicting a muscular wound about two inches deep from which the blood flowed freely. Had it gone a little deeper how the whole course of future political events in this country might have been changed! As it was, Booth laid up for a night or two only and reappeared in the same role Monday, February 18, the night of the presidential visit, with his right arm tied to his side, but tending with his left like a demon.

Tuesday he played "Julian St. Pierre," Wednesday, "Othello," Thursday, "The Stranger," Friday, for his benefit, "Richard III," and Saturday, "Charles de Moor." At a subsequent engagement, beginning March 4, the day of Lincoln's inauguration, Booth played, besides several of his former roles, Hamlet, Claude Melnotte, Macbeth, Shylock, Raphael, in "The Marble Heart," and the dual role in "The Corsican Brothers."

Booth, from the first, was a violent secessionist. On the morning of his arrival in Albany he expressed his sentiments in public at Stannix Hall with the greatest freedom; so much so that word was sent to the management of the theater that the new star had better heed a word of caution. Treasurer Cuyler accordingly called around to see Booth and him at breakfast.

After an introduction, Mr. Cuyler explained his errand and suggested that if Mr. Booth persisted in expressing his sentiments in public not only would he spoil his engagement but endanger his person.

"Is not this a democratic city?" exclaimed the actor.

"Democratic? Yes; but disunion, no!" was the reply.

Booth accepted the situation, and thereafter kept quiet; but his sentiments only grew stronger for repression.

Each time Booth came to Albany it was noted that he grew more morose and sullen, and from a genial gentleman he changed into a sour cynic. The last time Mr. Cuyler saw him in Washington the actor warmly recognized him, although in Albany they had been pleasantly and even intimately associated. April 22 Booth began another and his last engagement in Albany, one which came to an abrupt and almost tragic end. Indeed, Albany seemed fraught with danger for the young and gifted actor.

He was at this time supported by Henrietta Irving, who had played with him three nights at the State Theater here, and on March 18, in a play, entitled "San Mars, or the Warrior Bride," written by a young lady of Albany, Miss Irving also played Camille, Medea, etc., and then joined the stock company. On the fourth day of the Booth engagement she rushed into his room at Stannix Hall, armed with a dirk, and inflicted a severe wound upon his face. She then retired to her own room and stabbed herself, but not seriously. Miss Irving was subsequently leading life at the Tremble Opera House, during its first season. She afterward became the wife of Edward Booth and with him when he was in the West Indies. She is still upon the stage.

In 1863 Booth retired and speculated in oil. November 23, 1864, he, with his brothers, Edwin and Junius Brutus, played "Julius Caesar" at the Winter Garden for the benefit of the Shakespeare monument fund.

His last appearance as an actor on the mimic stage was at Ford's Theatre here, where he played Paganini for John McCullough's benefit. April 14, 1865, in the same theater, while the third act of "Our American Cousin" was being performed, he shot Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, to death. The assassin jumped from the private box in which the presidential party was seated to the stage, brandishing a dagger and shouting "Sic semper tyranni." He fled the building, mounted a horse and rode away.

On the 26th he was discovered in a barn near Bowling Green, armed to the teeth and bidding the world defiance. He was shot and killed by Boston Corbett. His remains were first secretly buried at midnight under the flagstones of the arsenal warehouse in Washington, but in February, 1869, by permission of the government the

Authorities on Correct Dress.



Women's Sections.

After-Inventory Clearance Sale
In Our Women's Sections.

All the small and odd lots which inventory revealed are now brought forth and marked at prices that should sell them in a hurry. The prices in some instances are considerably less than half regular value, but loss is not thought of at all, the object being to sell all goods in the season for which intended. As illustration of the manner in which we are now selling goods we append a few items:

WOMEN'S WAISTS of Silk and Cotton Fabrics. Former prices \$5.00 to \$6.50. Reduced to - **\$2.50****A FEW FLANNEL WAISTS**, plaid effects. Former prices \$10.00 and \$12.50. Reduced to - **\$6.50****SEVEN TAILOR-MADE SUITS**, former prices \$25.00 and \$30.00. Reduced to - **\$16.50****TAILOR-MADE SUITS** of silk velvet or cloth. Former prices from \$60.00 to \$200.00. Arranged into 3-price groups at**\$30.00, \$40.00 & \$70.00****A FEW OPERA COATS**. Former prices \$95.00 to \$125.00. Reduced to**\$40.00 & \$50.00****CHOICE OF ANY FUR PIECE** IN OUR STOCK AT $\frac{1}{3}$ LESS THAN REGULAR PRICE. This includes Small Furs, Fur Coats and Fur-lined Coats.**Parker Budget & Co.**

Head-to-Foot Outfitters. Pa. Ave. and 9th St.

remains were disinterred by the relatives and buried in Baltimore cemetery one Sun. Easter egg dyes I sent you, and, oh, here isn't Alice Roosevelt's portrait, painted in Philippine costume. Isn't she just perfectly gorgeous—and?"

The egg-dye man was only a partial success, but at the magic name of Alice the tired-out look in the visitor's eye gave way to eagerness, and she planted herself greedily before the Chinese carved wood frame. She had an honest, expressive face, and every line of it showed that she was taking a keen inventory of the portrait—the pink and yellow cheeks and slightly slant eyes, the coal-black hair, the over-jeweled hands with their claw-like nails, the gorgeously colored brocades, the gay lanterns and entire oriental environment, to retail later for the benefit of her folks at home.

And, really, it was just as well. When you take a friend to see the sights the main thing is to get them interested, and, naturally, the lady from the land of bustles got more satisfaction out of the beholder than she had seen portraits of the chemist who mixed the dyes that colored her children's eggs and of the young daughter of the White House than if she had been subjected to the cold facts that one was Gen. Jose Antonio Paez, patriot of Venezuela, and the other the Empress of China.

AROUND THE CITY

A languid-looking woman was buying things at a store. The clerk who waited on her was attentive and so dapper that he had an air of having been sandpapered and waxed. The woman was loquacious:

"So the doctor said I would just have to take a sea voyage at once. I don't know what on earth's the matter with me! I'm not what you could call sick, exactly, but I'm always tired—can't get up interest in things."

"Onwee?" suggested the clerk.

"I reckon that's what you call it—anyhow, I've got to buy a pile of things in a rush so we can sail Wednesday."

The clerk went back to have her purchases wrapped, and the proprietor of the store, who had been standing near and who was apparently on social terms with the woman, joined her to say, with a twinkle in his humorous gray eyes:

"You see, we've got the real thing in Parisian."

"I thought he must be French. He looks so foreign and so—so really distinguished, you know."

"None better; though he ought, by rights, to be a soldier; handles his yard stick like a sword. Would have enlisted long ago except that he's the only support of his mother—best son that ever lived."

The clerk returned with the bundle and some change, and as he handed them to the woman he said, with a bow:

"Bone vovage, madame."

And the woman made a mental dive into her billfold and fished up enough French to reply:

"Adieu, monsieur."

Two women were looking at the pictures in the lecture room of the museum the other afternoon. Plainly one was a native who overflowed with knowledge, while the other was a visitor from some place where busties are still in vogue.

As they reached the life-size painting of a dignitary in a blue and gold uniform, the native stepped over to the door and asked an attaché case portrait it was. He told her it was that of Gen. Paez. He would doubtless have told her more, but the woman had heard enough—and enough is always as good as a feast.

"I wasn't exactly sure about this being Gen. Paez," she explained modestly, as she

joined the other woman, "but I was right. After all, you know Paez invented the Easter egg dyes I sent you, and, oh, here isn't Alice Roosevelt's portrait, painted in Philippine costume. Isn't she just perfectly gorgeous—and?"

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A maiden lady was blowing around the market house on the last windy day. As she turned into 9th street she saw an ancient colored woman sitting behind a plank stand under the shelter of the market eaves. On the stand were some badly frost-bitten cabbage heads, a few sprigs of herbs and a twist or two of tobacco. The woman behind this lay-out was huddled in what had been a blanket shawl in its prime, and a woolly something was wound around her head.

"Nice cabbages, lady—"

"They were abominable cabbages, but the too generous' description, so pathetic when told by a very old and forlorn creature to entice a few cents her way, caused the maiden lady to stop.

"It's dreadfully cold for you out here," she said. "You must be nearly frozen."

"Yas'm. It's right totable cold, but I got my laigs kivered wif a quilt an' my shawl's right cozy 'n' comfortable; some nice tobacco twisses, lady?"

No genteel maiden lady wants "tobacco twisses."

"Why don't you go home? I see there are no other hucksters around." And, indeed, the street was deserted except for the wind, which had the edge of a razor.

"No'm. Dey ain't nobody heah but me. Dat's kase I ain't sold out. Got some nice yerbs, lady."

"But you ought to have a cup of good, hot coffee. You'll catch your death of cold."

"Yas'm. Cawfee's suttin'ly warm'n', but I ain't sold nothin' yet. Time I sells a little somethin' I'm gwine inside de market an' git me a cup."

The maiden lady opened her purse and laid a coin on the stand. The old woman beamed and chuckled with open, child-like delight; then her voice deepened into the mystic melody that seems to be the general heritage of her race, and she almost chanted with soul-like solemnity—or was it just everyday jollyng—"Gawd in he'n bless yer, lady, an' may you git a fine husb'n an' a whole passel 'er chillen to rise up an' call you blessed!"

Then the maiden lady blew away.

Somebody had dropped a rose. As it lay, fresh and pink and beautiful, on the slushy pavement a woman moved it gently with her foot until it lay close to a wall. While she was doing it a younger woman, who was with her, exclaimed, with a small laugh that had a big streak of annoyance in it:

"I'm positively getting ashamed to be

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Examine the only apartment we have left in this handsome building; it contains 5 bright rooms and bath; \$36.50 per month.

B. F. Saul Co.,
7th and L Sts. N. W.

10-13

PinehurstThe best property in the Chevy Chase section. Choice lots for sale.
JOHN A. MASSIE,
with the
McLachlen Real Estate and Loan Co.
625 F Corner 10th and G Sts.

seen with you. Anybody would think you had a contract for cleaning the pavements. I can stand for banana peels, but where's the sense of doing that?"

"Not much sense, I reckon," answered the woman as she stepped on. "Just a matter of sentiment. The pretty thing gave me a flash of memory, and I thought it might do the same for some other passer-by."

Lost in a Stage Sea.

Speaking of the peculiar incidents that occasionally occur on the stage, a well-known actor said that one of the most laughable happened some time since in the theater of a thriving town up the state. The scene at that particular moment was the deck of a ship, around which rolled and heaved a vast theatrical sea. The hero was soliloquizing on the pitching deck and the audience was intently listening to his spellbinding words when a ruddy head protruded through a hole in the ocean in full view of all. The hero, however, was equal to the occasion. Glancing at the apparently floating head, he lustily yelled:

"Man overboard! Man overboard!"

Hardly had he spoken before the head of the sea manipulator was withdrawn, and with a sad sigh that could be heard all over the house, the actor piteously cried:

"Too late, too late! Another poor fellow has gone to his last account!"

Collision of Vehicles.

Ell Clark, colored, twenty-five years of age, living at 307 F street southwest, was arrested yesterday by the police of the sixth precinct and charged with having driven his team so as to collide with "another vehicle." The other vehicle was a bicycle belonging to John Adiong, twenty-one years of age, living at 1514 D street southeast. Adiong was slightly injured and his bicycle was damaged. The accident occurred near the intersection of Pennsylvania avenue and 6th street.

STONE & FAIRFAX, Inc.
Reduced from \$8,500 to
\$6,500.

A most desirable residence containing 10 rooms and tiled bath. Heated by Hot Water. Lot 18x140 ft. Situated near 14th and Columbia Road—one of the most desirable sections of the Heights. To any one seeking a home in this section this house will appeal as unusually desirable in itself and an unusual value at its price.

STONE & FAIRFAX,
1342 New York Ave.**APARTMENTS**
for Rent in the
"SEWARD."
Finest Apartment House in East Washington.
Excellent Location,
Corner Pa. Ave.
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Suites of 4 rooms and 5 rooms and bath; all rooms large, well ventilated and lighted; attractively decorated; electric and gas lighting. One of the best locations in the city, overlooking large parks; near all car lines, Capitol and Library. Every convenience that can be found in the most expensive apartment houses.

RENT FROM \$40 TO \$47.50 PER MONTH.

Office rooms on ground floor for rent to physician or dentist.

Joseph I. Weller,
Realty Broker,
602 F Street N. W.**Penalty of Breaking the Law.**

George Bowie, colored, was before Judge Mullowny in the Police Court yesterday on a charge of failing to drive on the right side of the street. Upon conclusion of the hearing he was sentenced to pay a fine of \$40 or spend four months on the farm.

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The Pioneers of Jewelry
Selling on Credit.**Credit Is a Power**
at the Command of
Every Purchaser

You don't have to wait till you have the cash in pocket in order to buy DIAMONDS, WATCHES OR JEWELRY here. You can buy anything you want on CREDIT—and that Credit means the payment of a dollar or so a week in settlement of any size bill you contract.

We offer you a choice of the best selected stock in the city and we'll ask you prices that'll prove 25% cheaper than what any of the so-called cash jewelers quote.

Special sale of Diamond Mounted Signet Rings, worth \$40 and \$50, for \$25.



Gold Watch for \$25
\$5 Cash; \$1 Weekly.
A handsome Gold Watch, beautifully chased; excellent movement and a good timekeeper. An extra special value at the price—\$25.

Ladies' Ring for \$8
\$1 Cash; 50c. Weekly.
Solid gold ring, with turquoise set, surrounded by pearls. Special for \$8.

Relief for All Eye Troubles

The first signs of eye strain should prompt you to consult our expert Ophthalmologist—have him examine your eyes and tell you exactly what's needed to correct the trouble. He'll make no charge for the examination and advice, and if glasses are needed we'll make the proper ones and allow you to pay for them 50c. weekly.

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The Leading Jeweler and Opicians.

In Aid of Charity Work.
Contributions in aid of the Associated Charities have been received by Mr. John Joy Edson, treasurer, as follows: Mr. Charles Bispham, \$10; Mr. Arthur Burt, \$5; "A. B.," \$25; Martha D. Green, \$5; Mr. M. Hirschfeld, \$5; cash, \$5; Miss J. E. Condit, \$5; cash, through S. E. agent, \$5; Mr. Irving O. Ball, \$5; Mrs. Charles G. Myers, \$2; Mrs. E. A. P. Duncanson, \$10; Mr. Henry E. Sawyer, \$8; Mrs. Elizabeth H. Schenck, \$5; Mr. G. F. Hellprin, \$1; Mr. C. E. Gundlach, \$1; Mrs. James E. Clark, \$3; Mrs. Bertha I. Schott, \$4; J. Roehon, \$10; Mr. Larz Anderson, \$20; Mr. Charles Rauscher, \$5; Mrs. Larz Anderson, \$30; R. S. DeLand, \$2; Mr. A. B. Browne, \$20; cash, \$1; Rev. Samuel H. Greene, \$10; Mr. Joseph Auerbach, \$5; Mr. William W. Birch, \$10; Julia A. L. Hall, \$2.

The Citizens' Relief Association acknowledges receipt of the following contributions by Mr. John F. Wilkins, treasurer: Mr. Sherlocke Bronson, \$25; Josephine Bronson, \$5; Mr. C. K. Stellwagen, \$5; Mr. Frank C. Henry, \$5; Mr. Hugh Reilly, \$5; E. G. Schaefer & Co., \$10; Mr. Concoran Thom, \$25; Mr. Louis Hartig, \$5; Mr. Wilfred E. Cogswold, \$5.